## URUGUAY'S CAPITAL

Novel Methods of Landing Passengers at Montevideo.

THE RICHEST AND SMALLEST

Of the South American Republics-Its Wealth Consists Principally in Cattle and Sheep-It Has Also Great Mineral Resources-Living is Cheap and the Climate Good.

From The Star's Traveling Commissioner.



riences in South American ports, that nothing more remained to be learned in the line of disagreeable methods of transit from ships to shore. Those southern ports where vessels

going people descen I to row boats that come dancing over the billows for that purpose. Even that experience is bad enough in the usual rough seas, for one must spring off the stairs at the precise instant when the tiny boat

when a miscalculation is made or the tug bobs when a miscalculation is made or the tug bobs away too soon—that an unfortunate voyager gets a ducking, but there are always plenty of sailors at hand to fish him out, and we were cheerfully assured that few have been drowned. Sharks? Well, yes, it was rejuct-antly admitted that there are sharks in these waters and they have been known to snap off unwary arms and less. Therefore one cannot unwary arms and legs. Therefore one cannot be too careful about keeping out of their way.

THE TROUBLE NOT YET OVER. When all the passengers have been thus transferred, the luggage is pitched in after them, then away you steam, packed like sardines in the sweltering, sea-sickly, rocking little tug, till it suddenly bumps up against the impene trable crush of small craft of every descrip tion—scows, rafts, barges, tenders, produce boats, pleasure yachts, fishing yawls—in solid

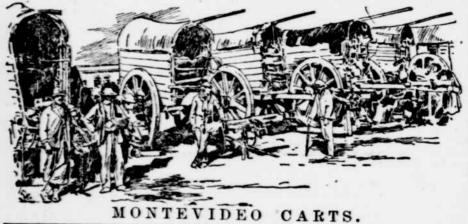


ENGLISHMAN'S RESIDENCE NEAR MONTEVIDEO. phalanx a quarter of a mile deep, that contin-ually line Montevideo's water front. There is no come up to a civilized pier and discharge their passengers over a gang plank are rare as angels' visita. As a rule anchor is cast three or four miles from land, the ladder-like stairs are let down outside from the upper deck, and shorewatery chasms, or occasionally to walk over an improvised bridge of oars laid across. And when at last your trembling feet are safe terra firma you are so utterly "unstrung" as to be glad of the enforced delay in the custom house, stairs at the precise instant when the tiny boat is tossed near on the crest of a wave, and having successfully performed that feat, be rowed through the surf. often wetted to the skin, or cocasionally swamped, to be fished out again—a "dem'd damp, moist, unpleasant body."

At Yucatan we were carried to land on the backs of men, at Guatemaia on pulse at the convenience of petty officials to be searched as a possible smuggler, and are ready to vow that you will end your days in Montevideo if getting out of it is as difficult a matter as getting in.

Naturally we had intended going direct from Patagonia and its neighboring islands to the

At Yucatan we were carried to land on the backs of men, at Gnatemaia on mules, at Costa Rica in wagons, at Mollendo (Peru) in a barrel, and a hundred times on rocky coasts where the billows are too boisterous for other means we Ayres it was discovered that not one of the have been hoisted up and swung out by cranes, like cattle, seated on a platform or in a rough box or tub-spun round and round in midair eastern call at the principal port of Argentina.



as the clumsy apparatus slowly performed its | All of them discharge their passengers work, and finally dumped, with a dull thu !. Buenos Ayres at Montevideo, on the northern upon some waiting scow or raft or tender. But shore of the Rio de la Plata, leaving them t we looked for no such trouble at Montevideo, the rich and splendid capital of prosperous
Urnguny, which has so often been described as
the finest city in South America. Judge, then,
of the utter demoralization of unprepared
feminine nerves when we found here the very

make their own way across the mouth of that
mighty river by one of the many local steamers
that are constantly plying to and fro. Therefore, being in Urnguay and having had quite
enough of its landing facilities to last a life
time, we have decided, to remain long enough worst method of landing we had yet encoun-tered, compared to which the man-back transit of Campeche and the barrel of Mollendo are blessings. Everybody made an unusually careful toilet on the morning that we were due in Montevideo, expecting to skip, dry shod, over a gang plank into the city, and emerged smiling from his state room in answer to the welcome summons—"All ashore." But to our astonishment there was neither dock nor pier in sight; tuccoed palaces of the capital gleamed dim in the distance, and even the stair-like ladder remained in statu quo, lashed up under the life boats. What did it mean?

RATHER DIFFICULT FOR LADIES. "Are you ready, ladies?" said the ever-gal lant captain; and thereupon we were escorted to the end of the ship that looms up highest above the water-whether it be "fore" or "aft" below a screaming, tossing, rocking little tug dangled a ladder of tarred ropes—made fast at lowing the top, but swinging loose and ending off at find still nowhere far above the water—upon which we had often watched the sailors ascending and scending, like caricatures of Jacob's angels, see swaying topes to their stopping place. itants are commonly spoken of by all their deling there above the briny deep till that South American neighbors as "Orientals"—with bobbing tug bobbed near enough, then drop and trust to Providence. Though it seemed that to walk a pirate's plank could not be more that to walk a pirate's plank could not be more to lesser importance than other southern

enough of its landing facilities to last a life-time, we have decided to remain long enough to see whatever is of interest in this small r public before doubling back on our course visit its greater neighbor. LA BANDA ORIENTAL

La Banda Oriental (the "eastern strip"), a this country is generally known among South Americans, was once a part of Argentine the latter country being then called La Band Occidental (the "western strip"), both name having reference to the dividing river, which Plata" belonging properly only to its broad estuary. Next to the Amazon and the Missis sippi it is the largest river on the wester hemisphere, and its mouth is 120 miles across straight as a line can be drawn between Monte video and Buenos Ayres. When Sebastian Cabot christened it the "Rio of Silver" (some where about the year 1520) it was by no mean on account of the purity of its coffee-colore waters, but because, having stolen enormou quantities of treasure from the coast Indians the insatiable Spaniards believed that by fol lowing up the course of the stream they would find still richer regions in the interior. The river is salt about twelve miles above Mon descending, like caricatures of Jacob's angels, and marveled at their temerity. For a moment nobody perceived the connection between the steamer, the ladder and the tug, and then it dawned upon us like a blow on the head. We were actually expected to clamber over the deek railing, climb hand under hand down those swaying topes to their stopping place.



MONTEVIDEO MILKMEN

se circumstances will permit in a breezy day at hark as Jonah was gobbled, and presently find d than the average wo

es circumstances will permit in a breezy day as sea, say "Vain world, adieu," shut your eyes and cling for dear life while the ship lurches up and down as usual, till somebody shouts "Drop!" Then you let go, expecting to fall into fathoms of water or into the interior of a long by the same polybled, and presently find elf an undignified heap on the slippery of the little tug. Then gather up your ed remains and hasten to hide your s (and probably your tears, if not more wininged than the box of a cabin, striving to repair damages regain something like composure, while comrades in distress are undergoing the

the the siery of only 30,000, it is one of the richest and most prosperous. There is not an acre of unprocesses ductive soil in its whole extent and hardly secondary and it is the only country—at least on pauper, and it is the only country—at least on this side of the world—where American gold is at a discount. Whereas in Mexico, Peru, Chile, Argentine, Brazil and all the rest of them one receives a good round premium on Uncl Samuel's golden coins, varying in amoun according to the times, but always consider able; in Montevideo you pay heavily privilege of getting your twenty-dol pieces turned into the coin of that cou ITS PRINCIPAL SOURCE OF WEALTE.

present Uruguay's principal source place the number of sheep on its ranches a So genial is the climate and productive the sol that any grain or fruit of the temperate torrid or frigid zones can be grown in abundance—from sugar and coffee to wheat and corn and corners and coffee to wheat and corn

There is plenty of the best pasturage in the world, plenty of water for mechanical purposes and for the flocks and herds, plenty of stone and timber for building material, and geologists say that the entire upper corner of the cone-shaped republic is underlaid by exhaustless coal beds. So manyare the navigable rivers that one can go by water to almost any section of the country, and natural harbors are frequent along the coast. The fact is Uruguay is almost a peninsula, having an Atlantic sea board of 120 miles, a southern shore line on the Rio de la Plata of 235 miles and a western shore line along the Uruguay river of 270 miles, while on the north, separating it from Brazil, shore line along the Uruguay river of 270 miles, while on the north, separating it from Brazil, are the rivers Chuy, Yaguaron and Duareim and Lake Hirim, leaving a land "frontier" of ouly 450 miles from the Rio Cuarcim to the bar of the Chuy on the Atlantic coast. The Rio Negro and its big affluent, the Yi, intersects the country diagonally, and there are numerous other streams of unpronounceable names but great local importance.

other streams of unpronounceable names but great local importance.

The old placer washings, from which the Jesuits and the viceroys of Spain used to get such fabulous quantities of gold and silver, were all long since exhausted, or their localities have been obliterated and forgotten. During a hundred years of almost continuous warfare, including the long struggle for independence and subsequent revolutions, the people were mercilessly robbed of their wealth, and many poor wretches who were suspected of knowing where gold or silver might be obtained were persecuted until they revealed the secret or died to conceal it; and so such pains were taken to hide all trace of nature's store houses that in many cases after the lapse of a few years the descendants of the original owners could not find them. Within the last quarter century, however, new mineral deposits of excentury, however, new mineral deposits of ex-traordinary richness have been discovered and the report of a recent geological commis-sion appointed by the government to examine hese resources reads like a tale of the Arabian Nights.

RAPID INCREASE OF POPULATION. Within the last decade the population of Uruguay has doubled, as much from natural causes as from immigration, the birth rate averaging forty-five per thousand and the death rate twenty-seven. It is enthusiastically claimed by resident foreigners that this is not only the by resident foreigners that this is not only the healthiest place on the face of the globe, but that good living is cheaper here than anywhere else. The best of beef, mutton and pork can be had for 4 cents per pound; fish, 3 to 5 cents; ducks, chickens and partridges from 10 to 15 cents per bird and vegetables of all kinds are correspondingly cheap. With a population of about 500,000 Uruguay produces not less than 5,000,000 bushels of grain every year, or an average of ten bushels to each man, woman, and erage of ten bushels to each man, woman and child in the country. The largest export is wool, valued at \$6,000,000 per annum. Beef comes next on the list in quantity, valued at about the same figures, and hides third, of which not less than \$3,500,000 worth are shipped every year. Then comes wheat about apped every year. Then comes wheat, about \$3,000,000 worth; corn, one million, and other agricultural products footing up to nearly \$2,000,000 worth. All these have more than doubled during the last ten years and continue

to increase like compound interest.

It is not generally known, but nevertheless true, that the famous Leibig's extract of beef, in such universal use in hospitals and elsewhere as a tonic, is all made in Uruguay, though put up in jars which bear an English trade mark. Dr. Leibig, the celebrated Antwerp chemist, invented the extract about fifty years ago, but in 1866 an English company purchased the pro-cess and removed the establishment from Antwerp to this comparatively unknown republic. The great works are at Fray Bentos, a little place away up on the Uruguay river. The same English company has lately been putting up extensive buildings for the purpose of canning meats and the works are in charge of Chicago men. FANNIE B. WARD.

## THE EMPEROR'S DILEMMA.

an Event in China Shows That Ma Ju-Lung Had Enemies as Well as Friends. An amusing and curious transaction in China, in which the emperor took part, is recorded in three recent issues of the Pekin Gazette. A short time ago Ma Ju-Lung, at one time commander-in-chief in Yunnan, died at his native place. Many citizens in the province drew up an elaborate memorial to the emperor, setting like clams. I prefer oysters." out the great deeds that public benefactor had performed, and praying that suitable honors be bestowed upon his memory. The memorial-

Mohammedan rebellion in Yunnan about twenty years ago. "First and last," the paper twenty years ago. "First and last," the paper said, "he was instrumental in killing over 10,000 of the enemy and in his own person practically decided the fate of Yunnan."

In reply to this memorial the companies of the said of the sa In reply to this memorial the emperor issued rection of a temple in the capital of Yunnan. The imperial historian also was ordered to compile a record of his brilliant exploits. The imperial historian also was ordered to compile a record of his brilliant exploits. Afterward another memorial came to the emperor from Yunnan. The prominent men who signed the document denounced the general in round terms. They said that in his youth he was a loafing, good-for-nothing fellow, whom nobody could abide. When the rebellion occurred he sold himself to the rebels. In their service he proved himself a moneter of their service he proved himself a monster of cruelty, and once caused the massacre of do,000 persons in a captured city. Finally the hard-pressed viceroy bribed him to desert the rebels and enter the imperial service as a general. "He rode in a yellow chair, and in all things did as he pleased." Even after that he was treacherous to the emperor, and he exposed the capital to a rebel attack in revenge for being compelled to ride in a green chair. He was always ready to run over to the winning side, and his later services did not in the least

side, and his later services did not in the least atone for his atrocious crimes. The signers of the document said that those who had recommended him for posthumous honors were nothing but a lot of small traders, and that if the honors were not withdrawn they feared that the tens of thousands of innocent souls whom he had sent to hades would be un-able to close their eyes for indignation. They, therefore, asked for a revocation of the decree, Here was a dilemma for the emperor. The honors which he had ordered were already in process of bestowal. At last he issued another decree extricating himself from his difficulty. He said that the bestowal of such a high dis tinction as the erection of a memorial temple thetion as the erection of a memorial temple should only be granted where the popular feeling was unanimous in its favor, and, as praise and blame seemed to be equally apportioned in the present instance, he ordered that the previous decree, as far as it related to the temple, the probability of the probability of the previous decree, as far as it related to the temple. vious decree, as far as it related to the temple, should be cancelled. Ma's doings in the fiesh are recorded by the historian, but his ghost will have to do without votive offerings, which, it is to be presumed, would be particuly agreeable to it.

Early and late with his pencil and slate, He tolls over angles and squares;
He tolls over angles and squares;
What can't he evolve and what mysteries solve,
For which not another soul cares?
With homologous lines and queer symbols and signs,
Hypothenuse, polygon, base;
With some few trapezoids and as many rhombolds
He deals with a serious face.

What cares he for time when things so sublime As apothegms new may take sprout? Equations and such, well, it just beats the Dutch How fast he can figure them out. Percentage and fractions are not his attractions,
For they are too simple by far;
The calculus more than less difficult lore
Delights this log rithmical star.

He cannot more learn from the leaves he may turn, So versed in the science is he; But one thing doth clude his most scholarly mood And fills him with uncertainty. No rules can he find in or out of his mind, The secret to gain 'spite his strife; Vorking early and late he can't demonstrate That most wonderful problem called Life.

—LEON MEAD.

Merely a Matter of Econo "Mamma!" called the pretty seventeen-yearold girl from her room, "mamma, may I wear my embroidered black silk stockings?"

"Are you going down town, dear?" asked the "Yes; I'm going down to match

"Certainly, dear. Put on your han "Are you crazy, Mary?" asked the father, suddenly looking up. "Don't you know that there is nearly a foot of snow and slush on the

"Yes, Joseph."
"Well, are you trying to bankrupt me buying stockings?"
"No, Joseph; I am economizing.

understand these things. Gowns cost more than stockings, and I am anxious to keep her skirts from dragging in the slush." From the Boston Globe.

The tornado whirls at a rate vario

mated from 500 to 2,000 miles an hour. Though sphemeral and diminutive, it has vastly gres-violence. To class it a "cyclone" is to beli

## THE SOCIAL WHIRL.

Ball Room Gayeties of a Washington Winter.

THE SEASON AT ITS HEIGHT.

Which the carriage or cab has been ordered.
You can't be very quiet just now in Washington, and that is the 'fruth. If you are "in the swim" there are dences and feasting to take part in. If you are a politician there is the great game of politics going on at the Capitol. In either case there is excitement and bustle and time does not hang heavy on the hands of the resident of Washington. The Airy Nothings That Enliven Drawing

Written for The Evening Star.

EASONS OF THE YEAR come and go gradually, but the social season comes rapidly, and

and take a breath and what has happened. But now everything is happening. Are you having a good time? If you are not enjoying

yourself then, in heaven's name, stay at home and don't go to parties and balls. There is only one object in going to them. You are not here under compulsion and nobody wants to see you unless you are in a good humor and want to be amused and to amuse others. There is an old society philosopher in Washington who explained all this to the writer for THE STAR the other day. He said it often amused him to hear people complain that the conversation one heard in society was so frivolous. BALL ROOM CONVERSATION.

"Why," said he, "there is a place and time for everything, and ball rooms are not lecture halls or class rooms. I would as soon think of steak as I would expect to find political economy discussed between dances at a german. I suppose the man who is able to discuss the labor question or the tariff intelligently is a more intellectual being than the one who rattles away about new "figures" in the ger-man and has a full fund of gossiping jokes to relate, but the labor question and the tariff are as much out of place in a ball room as a beefsteak would be on the counter of a candy store." He proceeded to give an imaginary conversation, which ran thus: He—"Oh, Miss Blank, how glad I am to see you. I have such an excellent joke to tell

She-"Oh, do tell me. Let's sit over here in the corner where we will not be interrupted. He—"Just guess what it's about?"

She-"Oh, I am dying with curiosity. Is it about pearl buttons? "No: guess again." She-"Then it must be cotton ties and bag-

ging."

He—"No; wrong again."

She—"Ob, do tell. What is it about?" He-"Well, then, it's about tin plate." She-"Tin plate! How very interesting. Have they actually got the factory started? Theis really nothing that I so adore as tin plate." Now, let, us imagine the beginning of a con-ersation on thoroughly frivolous matters. He—"Oh, how d'ye do? Are you happy?"

She—"No; I'm never happy."

He—"Of course not. Clever people never

She—"Are you happy?"
He—"As a clam."
She—"Clams are stupid. I'm afraid I don't He—"Then I'm an oyster."
She—"But oysters are dumb, and you talk

great deal." ists said that it was he who put down the great like them and I am happy and you like me; talk about the tariff stupidly.

WHEN THE SEASON BY But to return to the subject of the season allusion not being made to winter or spring, but to the season when parties are at their height in Washington. It is a great deal easier neight in washington. It is a great deal easier to say when the season ends than when it begins. It always used to be an accepted fact that the reception by the President on January i marked the formal opening of the season in Washington and such is, to a certain extent, the case now; but this year the gay world was pretty active from the different that the case is the case of the season in the case now; but this year the gay world was pretty active from the different the case. pretty active from the latter part of December. How far society may be affected by the White House depends largely upon the President for the time being the time being.

IN OLDEN TIMES. There is always, by the way, a set of oldfashioned people who deplore the degeneracy of modern times and sigh for the good old days when the White House was "exclusive"—the definition of "exclusive" being a household arrangement which is not so exclusive but what it includes yourself-when "the great unwashed" did not invade its precincts and when Presidents had the courtly manners when Presidents had the courtly manners which are supposed to belong to kings. People of this kind have forgotten, if they ever knew, that the "great unwashed" frequented the White House just as much, if not more, in old times than they do today. Everybody must remember the picture which history has left us of Thomas Jefferson lounging on a sofa and receiving anybody who came to him with the receiving anybody who came to him with the familiarity of a country gentleman sitting on his porch entertaining his neighbors on a Sunday afternoon, and his visitors were ordinary every-day people, and not many of them were work."

"Why," if the White House here." the White House has ever been more thor oughly democratic in its style than it was under the second President who lived in it.

DURING PRESIDENT JACKSON'S TERM. Andrew Jackson, too, was not foud of stiffness. He used to storm about his study, thundering out denunciation against the United States Bank, blowing clouds of tobacco smoke from a corncob pipe, and often his principal garment was an old dressing gown. The old-fashioned people who long for the good old times of exclusiveness would have been shocked if they had seen the throng of propole who were if they had seen the throng of people who were constantly admitted to lunch in the White House dining room during "Old Hickory's" reign. Not that Jackson himself was not one of the most courtly of men when he wanted to be, but he let anybody in the White House and didn't hedge himself around with artificial and didn't hedge himself around with artificial forms. When it comes to good manners the Presidents of recent times are as good as the men who filled the office in the beginning of the government. Gen. Washington was "a swell," it is true, but was he more of one than President Arthur? James Madison had benignant, calm manners, but were his manners any more captivating than Gen. Garfield's? The American people don't choose their Presidents because they are good bowers and scrapers, but the mistake is in supposing they ever were chosen on this principle.

posing they ever were chosen on this principle. THE REMAINDER OF THE SEASON. The beginning formally of the season in Washington may, however, be generally said to be the White House reception on January 1.
Then follow the cabinet receptions and the season is in full blast. It isn't very long after all, hardly more than two months, but a great deal can happen in two months. Two people who are going to make each other happy or who are going to make each other happy or miserable for life may meet during these two miserable for life may meet during these two months. They live in excitement, it is true, and do not see much of one another in a natural and quiet way, but they see each other often, and after Lent comes they become friends and something more.

The philosopher who has been quoted before says that the season is a good institution for matrimonial purposes. Women appear in the most attractive form and men have on their best manners, and so they naturally succumb

best manners, and so they naturally succum! LATE AT NIGHT DURING THE BEASON. During the season there is not much enthusiasm for sports, except possibly horseback riding. The pleasure making is of a society order. The pleasure making is of a society order. Any bright afternoon and on a rainy afternoon, too, for that matter, the streets are gay with carriages and well-dressed people calling from house to house, and far into the night the clatter of carriage horses sounds upon the asphalt. What bawling there is of coachmen and policemen when the party breaks up! Go to the President's and hear the different tones go echoing down to the avenue. Mrs. Blank's carriage," cries a deep-voiced policeman. The cry is passed on by a coachman with a high falsetto to a husky-voiced individual, to a baritone, to a tener, until

atter is in luck. While others are fighting for

latter is in luck. While others are fighting for something to eat he is pretty certain to be well supplied. How hard the fellows work! When the jaded young man or woman of society complains of fatigue let a passing thought be given to the people whose business it is to wait upon them. Let them on a cold wet night remember that, while they are dancing in doors, poor cabble is blowing his fingers to keep warm outside and the horses are contracting pleurisy and heaves. Really a kind-hearted person ought to leave on a bad night at the hour for which the carriage or cab has been ordered. You can't be very ouiet just now in Washing.

REMARKABLE HISTORY OF HYMNS. Thirty Thousand Hymns Considered-The From the New York Sun.

A remarkable history of hymnology, cor piled after a laborious research of twenty years, by John Julian, vicar of Wincobank, has when it is at its height just been published in London and is exciting stops suddenly - goes | the wonder and admiration of the religious out like an extinguished world. It is said to be a triumph of typography candle in fact. It is as well as of erudition. Mr. Julian or his asreaching its highest sistant, Mr. Mearns, in collecting material for point now, and it will the work either visited most of the great liculminate in the last braries of Europe or communicated with the week before Lent. librarians. They have consulted 10,000 manu-The weary votaries of pleasure will then stop look about them to see

Scripts and annotated about 30,000 hama.

More than 2,000,000 words, or about 1,000 columns of the Sun, have been written by the editor himself. Every line in the book has been revised in proof from five to ten times Every hymn with a history has a special article devoted to it, and there are biographies of all the known writers of hymns, from the earliest Greek fathers, who gave metrical form of religious thought, down to the youngest curate who has added to the store of sacred song. Hymnology in various countries, tongues and denominations is treated under separate headenominations is treated under separate head-

A review of the book in an English newspaper says that "not the least interesting of the many conclusions to be drawn from the work is many conclusions to be drawn from the work is the discovery of the wide range of hymn writing as a pursuit. It will, for example, be a revelation to many who know Sir Nathaniel Barnaby as one of the greatest authorities on naval construction to find that he is the author of many hymns which have found acceptance at any rate among his Baptist friends. going into a candy store and asking for a beef- A matter worth remark is the limitation of the spheres in which certain hymns find currency. Considerations of geography, as well as theo-logical temper, determine the choice. The tendency is, of course, toward comprehensiveness, each school borrowing in succession from the treasury of other schools. But the distinction is still marked. In America, for instance subjective, contemplative, quasi-philosophic verse holds the place which is given in England and in Germany to works which are more dis-

tinctly expressions of worship.
"In the estimation of Mr. Julian a hymn is any copy of verses that has been included in a hymn book or designed or adapted for congregational singing. The total number satisfying this criterion is, Mr. Julian estimates, not less than 400,000; and it is curious to learn not less than 400,000; and it is curious to learn that, following the order of languages, the greatest number have been composed in German. English hymns come next, then Latin and finally Greek. The comparative barrenness of the Romance and Slavonic languages is to be explained, no doubt, by the hold which fixed ritual and traditional forms have on the Greek Lorent Lorenz churches. The very carli-Greek and Roman churches. The very earliest hymns, such as 'My Soul Doth Magnify the Lord' and the quotations in the episties, were, of course, in Greek, and 170 years elapsed before the voice of sacred song found expression in a second tongue. That was Syriac. Then followed two more centuries till that long and still unclosed cycle of Latin hymn writing began, to which our modern collections still owe the most melodious and passionate of their lyrics. It is pleasing to an English churchman to know that when the seal of silence was taken from the young tongues of the west the strain of prayer and praise was first outpoured in early English."

many lovers of sacred music may be surprised, after reading Mr. Julian's book, to learn the origin of their favorite hymns. The learn the origin of their favorite hymns. The various modifications of "Rock of Ages" are traced from the time of the first appearance of a single verse in the Gospel Magazine of 1775 down to the latest variant. Probably few people are aware that "Guide Us, Oh, Thou Great Jehovah," is a translation of a Welsh original written in the middle of the last century. Mr. mon use and twenty-two which are less known. Of the "Dies Irse" the numbers are: In comone of these has been separately noted and all have been critically compared. The biograph-ical sketches of hymn writers and translators are not all complimentary. Logan is handled without gloves. He it was who published a book of hymms, including the beautiful and popular "Where High the Heavenly Temple Stands," and passed them off as original compositions. It was found that he had unblush ingly appropriated the hymns. They were really written by a dead friend, whose manuscripts Logan had obtained under pretext of lesire to serve his memory.

Stories of Judges. From the San Francisco Examiner. Ex-Judge Rearden says that all lawyers have hearts of mercy until they become judges. In the superior court, during the brief term he served, he always refused criminal cases, because the mother of the young man was sure to come round and show the gray hairs under her aged bonnet. Judge Rearden says that on two occasions he saw Judge Levy weaken under the ust as times stuffed roses. The first time was in a case of grand larceny, and the old lady who called asked the judge for a pass to the Episcopai of a and Home. She said that her son Fred had devith the ting on "get work," and whatever he had stolen was to a Now for her sake and heavene he "couldn't and the said that her son Fred had the chared his intention to steal because he couldn't try to the said that her son Fred had the s

"Why." said Rearden, "when the old woman finished her story Levy was crying as bitterly as she, and the young criminal went to the house of correction with the smallest sentence

"Next year the same fellow came up on an outrageous charge of robbery, and the ancient lady turned up as usual with a full set of tears. She shed them freely, but the judge was familia with her tactics, and the young man went over

"The old lady was very ungrateful, for she rose in her might and cried:
"Say, judge, you used to have a kind heart!" to San Quentin.

Judge Rearden tells this story of Judge Lake, who appears to have been another Jeffries in his severity toward prisoners. On a certain occasion when the clerk in his court called off

in justice to publis morais I find it my duty to sentence you to confinement in state prison for the term of fifty years, and when you emerge from its walls may you be a better man!"

"Excuse me, judge," said the clerk, "you got the wrong man—you forgot—it was young Hayes you were going to send up for fifty years. That old fellow there won't last two years let slope fifty!"

years, let alone fifty!"

"Ah, how is that?" demanded the judge, inspecting the list on his desk. "Oh, I see—yes, yes!—dear me!—how very odd! Just give Hayes fifty years also, and you may as well let the other matter stand. When a man of sixty odd years hasn't learned enough to avoid being found out he's much sefer in tall. found out, he's much safer in jail.

From the San Francisco Exa

An ingenious little instrument called the gar terphone has recently been invented, which, at ached to my lady's garter, registers the dis tached to my lady's garter, registers the distance she walks each day? The physical culture craze has put an end to the reign of the languid belle. Women go in for all sorts of outdoor sports, and just now walking is the fad. The heroine of the hour is the woman who has walked the greatest number of miles a day. Hitherto it has been impossible to determine to a nicety the distance covered in a given time, as when a day is spent in the deviating peregrinations of a shopping tour. Now the young woman proudly exhibits her garterphone to admiring friends, and it is not unusual for the little machine to register five or six miles and even ten

My wife disliked dogs, and so, although I had always owned dogs as a boy and young man, it was five years after we were married before we had a dog. That dog was a fox terrier rejoicing in the name of Tip. Our Irish handmaiden made our little boy laugh by saying that Tip was short for Tipperary. At first my wife objected to keeping the dog, and now as I look back on my rise and fall as the owner of a fox terrier I regret that she did not have her way.

Tip came to us from a friend, a member of a hand to give up my church, and now, though I am in a presbytery a thousand miles away. I am haunted by the fear that the story of my Tip came to us from a friend, a member of

he thought so much of him that he could not bear the idea of selling the animal, but tearfully handed him over to us, enjoining us to love and cherish him. He did not tell us that Tip had any objectionable traits, but elaborated his smartness and affectionate disposition. He was a very pretty dog of the larger kind of fox terriers, not far removed from the bull, I fancy. He had a black nose, a brown ear and a black spot the size of a dollar between his shoulders. Then of course his tail was dreadfully abbreviated. It was impossible not to love him with all his cunning tricks and soon Mrs. Robinson—that is, my wife—thought as much of him as had any objectionable traits, but elaborated his smartness and affectionate disposition. He was a very pretty dog of the larger kind of fox terriers, not far removed from the bull, I fancy. He had a black nose, a brown car and a black spot the size of a dollar between his shoulders. Then of course his tail was dreadfully abbreviated. It was impossible not to love him with all his cunning tricks and soon Mrs. Robinson—that is, my wife—thought as much of him as did I. He was such a wonderful dog. At the table he would sit on his haunches and beg, and if that did not attract attention be would it and in the northern part of the state who exceptibles in himself the oddest of Harte's creations. He is, of course, a pioneer, and has seen all sorts of experiences while his judgments from the bench are characterized by a whole-some justice and common sense that are indeed refreshing. But he is a queer genius for all that he would sleep in no other room but ours. At first he had insisted on siceping on a bear rug it, our modest partly have a proper that the proper in the bear of last year, and a number of San Franciscans.

From the San Francis o Chronicle. The had the state who of the characters and first he from the bear may Californians are in the habit of the characters and incidents of the characters and fine the truth. They always make the right man fall in love with the right woman. The fact is, the truth. They always make the right man fall in love with the right woman. The fact is, and the truth. They always make the right man fall in love with the right woman in real life, and vice versa. You sit and the truth. They always falls in love with the right woman in real life, and vice versa. You sit the truth. They always make the right man fall in love with the right woman in real life, and vice versa. You sit the truth. They always falls in love with the right woman in real life, and vice versa. You sit the truth. They always falls in love with the right woman in real life, and vice versa. You sit the truth. They a on a bear rug it. our modest parlor, but once the bear skin happened to be away so he came upstairs, jumped on a pillow by the side of our bed and there we found him in the morning. bed and there we found him in the morning. Every night after that he siept on the chair at the head of our bed. I was surprised to find my wife getting out an old baby quilt and keeping it in the closet so as to have it always ready to make Tip a comfortable bed. I And when I was away she said she had as much confidence in Tip as in all the burglar alarms and policemen that were ever invented. What wonder that you grow to love a dog that eats with you at the table and that is so mindful of the proprieties table and that is so mindful of the proprieties

as never to drop a morsel of food upon the carpot, a dog that thinks so much of you that he
even insists on sleeping on a chair at the head
of your bed? By and by my wife and I came
to think a great deal of our dog.

"You'd really think Mr. and Mrs. Robinson
thought as much of their dog as they do of
their dog as they do of thought as much of their dog as they do of their own flesh and blood," was the extreme way in which one of the neighbors put it. But Tip was not always angelic. He had one fault. He would fight. He preferred fighting to eating. Never was a game cock half so pugnacious. He never saw another dog that he did not offer a battle, and the bigger the other dog the more he wanted to fight. It was not long before all the dogs on our suburban street were cowed. When they saw Tip coming their tails would drop despondently and they would run. But around the corner in the butcher shop was one dog that was worthy of his steel. That was an English brindle bull, his steel. That was an English brindle bull, five times as large as Tip. Time and time again they met in desperate conflict. Tip was never whipped, although he was never the victor. Those were drawn battles. After them he would come limping home bloody, dirty, torn and wretched. He would come to the back door and then plaintively endure the necessary washing and scrubbing in the laundry. After these dreadful battles it would take me half an hour to make him presentable and then he would spend a week recuperating. and then he would spend a week recuperating.

These fights troubled me greatly. But I could not stop them. Even when Tip went

walking with me he would fight in spite of all

I could do.

Things went from bad to worse, for after a Things went from bad to worse, for after a time Tip succeeded in chewing up one of the forefeet of the butcher's build dog and the animal had to be killed. Then Tip felt himself to be an unquestioned champion. He was more arrogant and more beiligerent than ever, though when in the house he was a pattern of quietness, affection and the domestic virtues. Then it so happened that there moved into our neighborhood a gentleman who liked hunting and who kept several very valuable Irish setters. My wife wrote me of his coming when I was away on ministerial business. Then came the news that Tip had fought one of the setters and so badly hurt it that it had to be killed. and so badly hurt it that it had to be killed. called and told my wife that the owner of the setters would kill Tip on sight and that she had better lock him up. We had no place where she could coop him and in desperation she sent him to a dog fancier to board at the rate of a dollar a week. When I came home this was the state of affairs. It was a question of having no neighbors or of having 1 ip, and as we could not afford to live at enmity with every one around us we sorrowfully resolved to disone around us we sorrowfully resolved to dis pose of Tip. My wife thought there would be no difficulty in selling a dog that cost \$40, but we found he could not be sold because I did not have his pedigree. Buying and selling are such different things at the best. Meanare such different things at the best. Meanwhile I had to pay his board, which was an expensive luxury, as I am not a rich man-few
ministers are. Then it was that a newspaper
friend suggested that I send Tip to the captain
of one of the fire companies. This fireman
liked blooded dogs, and would give Tip a home
where it would be convenient for me to run in
often and see him. That was the way in which
Tip went to live with the firemen.

Tip went to live with the firemen.

He distinguished himself the first day by getting under the corn crib and killing seventeen rats. Capt. Kelly told me that was a great record. Then Tip killed a poisoned rat and nearly died. The firemen nursed him back to life and strength, and he became much attached to them and to his new home. I called to see him during his convalence and was greatly him during his convalescence and was greatly moved by the way in which the poor dog wagged his stump of a tail. After that I did not see Tip for six weeks, vacation taking me from the city. When I returned I dropped in at the "Four's" and found Capt. Kelly jubilant

"He is a wonder." he said. "I believ lick anything on four feet double his size."

When he called Tip to me I saw by his scars and scratches that he had evidently had a fight

"You bet, and he just ate the other dog up."
I felt a thrill of delight that Tip had been the victor. That was a balm to smooth one's eelings, harrowed by his battered appearance. "It was a big white bull," Capt. Kelly proceeded, "and the fight was back here in the box stall. It was tough, but Tip chewed up one of the bull's feet and that kinder knocked him

Then I told how Tip had vanquished the who appears to have been another Jeffries in his severity toward prisoners. On a certain occasion when the clerk in his court called off the first name on the clerk in his court called off the first name on the clerk in his court called off the first name on the clerk in his court called off the first name on the clerk, a gray-bearded burglar of sixty-eight years stepped forward to be sentenced.

"Prisoner at the bar," said the judge, "you have been before this court on the charge of theft many times. I hesitate to be severe, but in justice to public morals I find it my duty to sentence you to confinement in state prison for the term of fifty years, and when you emerge from its walls may you be a better man!"

"Excuse me, judge," said the clerk, "you got the wrong man—you forgot—it was young Hayes you were going to send up for fifty years. That old fellow there won't last two

of a clerical cast of features or garb, yet I am conscious that my appearance betrays my profession. Yet I did not object to these rough men seeing that I was a man like themselves, hings.
It so happened soon after this that I led the

It so happened soon after this that I led the noonday prayer meeting of the Y. M. C. A. As there was a ministerial convention in town many of the visiting brethren were in attendance. Going to church from the meeting I passed the "Four'a." Capt. Kelly was sitting outside and he greeted me warmly.

"Come back at 2 o'clock," he said. "We are tearing up the floor in one of the stalls and I am going to let Tip kill the rats there"

I do not know what wicked impulse made me go back, but I did want to see how Tip killed rats. My pride and my interest in my blooded dog forced me on. When I reached the engine house I found that something unusual was going on. "Sh-h-h," said one of the firemen, who seemed to be on guard, "come back here."

I went back and found a crowd of firemen and others around the box stall. In it Tip and a brindle bull were fighting desperately. There was a fascination about the struggle, as now one dog and now another gained the advantage.

fight and watched its progress with delight. There were other cruel and slanderous statements and I was referred to in big type in the headlines. Not only that, but after the dog fight one of the papers printed the account of the Y. M. C. A. meeting which I had led. Heaven knows that I did not attend that fight by design and that it shocked me. Cant Kelly can stood where I stood before I owned Tip. I had fallen. There was a suspicion in men's hearts, as there had been a belief in the hearts of the fighting dog may follow and blast me even here. If so, my wife and I are resolved to flee the my congregation, who went to make a long stay in Europe. The dog had cost him \$40 and yet he thought so much of him that he could not country and go to the mission fields in China or

A Plain-Spoken California Judge.

A great many Californians are in the habit

of last year, and a number of San Franciscs were present in the court room. It was a hot day—such a day of intense glaring heat as is only possible in a valley among the mountains, where the influence of the coast breeze cannot "Ahem!" "Ahem!" penetrate. It was a divorce case and many ladies were in attendance. As the day wore on it grew hotter and hotter. The judge became more and more uneasy and hitched around in his seat uncomfortably. He threw open his duster and twitched at his collar several times. in all Finally he appeared to reach a desperate reen that solve. Clearing his throat, he looked apologetihat you cally at the ladies and said:

"By \_\_\_, ladies, you'll have to excuse me, but I tell you what it is—it'sso \_\_\_ infernally hot here that I'll have to take off this \_\_\_ collar," and suiting the action to the word he

Late in the afternoon the lawyers became in-Late in the afternoon the lawyers became involved in a wrangle over a motion and the judge left his chair and began pacing back and forth across the platform. Finally he stopped, faced the disputants and said:

"By \_\_\_\_\_, gentlemen. I'm tired of your infernal wrangling. I'm going home."

"Well, but, your honor, won't you decide the motion that I have been arguing?" said one of the counsel.

I am scatimental, and I have an admirer who reads poetry to me once or twice a week.'

"And you love them all?"

"At times. I couldn't endure the prize-fight youth on my sentimental night, of course, and the chap who take horses is a bore whon I feel like discussing electricity. But I couldn't get on without all of them.'

"Do they all love you?"

"That's just the trouble. They all want to

"Oh, to —

marvelous.

with your motion! There'll be marry me, but how could i bear to have a hus-for that in the morning. Court's band eternally reading poetry or talking horses

would be perfect, but even then I support From the Indianapolis Journal.

Three or four men were admiring the eas with which the driver of a beer wagon was think, she asked anxiously, 'there will be some handling the kegs, lifting them from the vehicle liberty for women in heaven? to the sidewalk with a dexterity that was almost "I doubt it, I said sadly. 'A woman never wants liberty except when she can't have it-

"And that man, strange to say," said one of the group, "never drinks beer,"
They looked the beer driver over again. He

other.

"Never known to touch it except as you see or what you will, if it has not that power the love him now—only in unbroken packages."

The inquirer was a prohibitionist. Here was the man he had been looking for—a perfect specimen of physical health, handling beer the man she will never change. Gentlemen, specimen of physical health, handling beer every day, going in and out of saloons, and yet never drinking the beverage. He desired to make the acquaintance of this man.

"This gentieman," said the prohibitionist to the driver. "says you never drink heer. Is the driver, "says you never drink beer. Is she held the sweetheart, by ever showing some

"Yes, that's so; not a drop of beer for me."
A long pause. "I always take whisky." Then He Dropped the Subject.

"I'm sure I don't know, James," she returned, without stopping her needlework even

How the Plunger Was Fooled.

From the Courier-Journal

A rounder is telling a good story about how a noted jockey gave a big plunger a hard throw down last year. The betting man ascertained

to get a place. The jockey in question rode the winner, and after donning his everyday clothes walked up to where his wife was seated, and displaying a handful of winning tickets amounting to several thousand dollars, handed his wife two crisp \$100 bills to make good her losses.

The planers turbled to the done given him.

The plunger tumbled to the dose given him, and since that time there has been a vacant seat in the ladies' stand.

They Also Serve. "They also serve, who only stand and wait."
Take comfort from that thought in lonely h
When naught seems set aside for you by late
To do; while others have far richer dowers.

With days brimful of hope, and work, and love; Full to the brim, and haply, running o'er, The angels, watching from their homes above,

And peace and rest will fill the loney days
That once were filled with naught but pain
woe,
For, though we cannot understand His ways,
Enough to know Our Father wills it so.
—Albany Evening Journ

From the Irish Times.

neading over a marriage notice. The groom

"Gentlemen," said the seedy man as he came

in with an air of dignified intoxication, "I kiss you' hand." His coat was buttoned at the w

waistcoat neglige.

button, his shirt was effusive in front, and his "Feen to Alabama?"

"Yes, sah. It is a ve'y p'etty play; a pa's count, valid d'ama, sah." "Have you ever been south?"
"Yos, sah. I have been stranded there frequently as an actor. Many a moonlight night I have wandered by the sicepy bazoo—I mean bayon—walking away from the botel. You health, confidence.

alth, gentlemer "Befo' the wa?"

"No. sah, since the wa"."
"You have the dialect, I notice." "Certain peculiarities of the southern dialect always come to me in certain stages of intoxi-cation. But, as I was saying, that is where the great mistake lies."
"What mistake?"

"About love. The dramatists never do get

"Ah, certainly. We'll need it. Now, let us consider this question of love. Why should love be constant to one? How can love for one

"Ahem!"
"I said, gentlemen, we talked of love. My heart is dead." (The seedy man shed a drunker tear.) "We talked of love."

"'Have you ever loved?' I asked. "'Can one love more than once?"

"'Not the same man. I am in a great diffi-culty about that,' she answered. 'I am fond of horses, and I adore a man who loves them and can talk about them. I am interested in electricits, and I enjoy a moonlight walk with a young man who knows all about it. I like prize fights, and a third gentleman is welcome, because he goes to all the scrapping matches. I am scattmental, and I have an admirer who

"That's just the trouble. They all want to "Oh, to —— with your motion: There is be time enough for that in the morning. Court's adjourned," and with his crook-handled cane on his arm his honor made a bee line for the nearest "errigatin' place."

I find in men—they are not made with a sufficient variety of tastes. Now, if there was one man who was fond of all those subjects he moved be perfect, but even then I suppose he would be perfect, but even then I suppose he would feel like talking about horses when I wanted him to be poetic. If I could marry as many as I liked it would be happiness. Do you think 'she arked any to the like it would be happiness.

like anything else."
"Now, gentlemen, what is love? There have They looked the beer driver over again. He was indeed a magnificent specimen of brawn and muscle. He was fully six feet high and weighed 200 pounds.

"You say he never drinks beer?" said another.

"You say he never drinks beer?" said another.

> new charm. "You seem to know all about it."

"I know something, perhaps. I loved once, myself," and the seedy man wept again. "I The owner was exceedingly angry and threatened to arrest me for harboring a vicious dog.
"Vicious," my wife wrote, "the dearest, most loving dog in the world—only he will fight."

The The owner was exceedingly angry and threatened to arrest me for harboring a vicious dog.
"Ten thousand dollars for a dog!" he exclaimed, as he looked up from his newspaper.
"Do you believe any one ever paid any such we were wedded. Still she seemed to develop Then He Dropped the Subject.

Trom the Chicago Daily Tribune.

"Ten thousand dollars for a dog!" he explained as he looked up from a dog!" he explained as he looked up from a dog!" he explained as he looked up from a dog!" he explained tastes. new attractions for me. One happy year passed together, and then——"She died?"

turned, without stopping her needlework even for a moment. "Does the paper say that much was paid?"

"Yes, there's an article on valuable dogs and it speaks of one that was sold for \$10,000. I don't believe it."

"It may be true, James," she said, quietly. "Some of these blooded animals bring fancy prices, and there's no particular reason why "No. She ran away with another man. don't believe it."

"It may be true, James," she said, quietly. "Some of these blooded animals bring fancy prices, and there's no particular reason why the paper should lie about it."

"I know that, Maria; but just think of itjust try to grasp the magnitude of that sum in your weak, feminine mind. You don't seem to realize it. Ten thousand dollars for a dog! Why, Maria! that's more than I am worth?"

"I know it, James, but some are worth more than others."

Love, as treated by the dramatists, is badly treated. With a broken heart a woman is a tragedy, with one husbands she makes a comedy, with two husbands she becomes a farce and with four husbands she reaches farce-comedy. You can't make a heroine of a strong play out of a woman who has been married three times. The ordinary human mind in an audience will admit the possibility of a woman loving twice, but she can't do it any more without being laughed at. Yet I doubt if there is a woman living who has not loved half a dozen different living who has not loved half a dozen different She went calmly on with her sewing, while he fumed and sputtered for a moment and then dropped the subject, especially the weak, feminine mind part of it. ried them all. The trouble is that all men and women can love, but very few can entertain one another for a lifetime. The best husband and the best wife are the best company all the time. It is all very well that George is so clever and so bright that Mary is bound to be happy with him. But George, after he gets married, expects Mary to entertain him, too. He might have found out while they were courting that she had nothing in her. He was se noted jockey gave a big plunger a hard throw down last year. The betting man ascertained that the wife of the jockey had received instructions from her husband how to bet, and, getting an introduction to the lady, he became a sort of chaperon, always afterward occupying an adjoining seat in the grand stand. Frequently the plunger spoiled the odds for the jockeys and his backers, so the latter, after ascertaining the source of the leak, set about to set things straight again.

One day the runner hastened to the stand and told the jockey's wife her husband said put \$200 on a certain horse. Knowing her usual form of betting the plunger was aware the sum named was a large sum for her to hazard, and when she sent the money to the ring he followed and literally smothered the bookmakers with bills on that particular performer. When the race was over, however, that corner of the stand was very quiet, as the good thing failed to get a place. The jockey in question rode the winner, and after donning his everyday clothes walked up to where his wife was seated, and

> detail of concentrating on one at a time."
>
> "Take a soothing drink, won't you?"
>
> "Thank you; I had forgotten. But after all
> everything is a changing ideal. The woman at
> thirty wonders why at twenty she married the man she did when she sees how the other suito of the same age has developed. The woman of twenty-five turns away from the man her more youthful fancy chose and weds the fellow whom

youthful fancy chose and weds the fellow whom at twenty-two she thought a fool. The man at thirty-five seeks the woman who hopelessly loved him ten years before and finds she has changed her ideal, too. And so the world goes round. Ah, dear old Thackeray! It has not changed since you sat at your old table at forty years, dipping your nose in the garcon wine. Gentlemen, here's to Gillian, God rest her soul!" The seedy man took his hat off reverently. "Still, gentlemen, we look tenderly on those we have loved. The little girl who won our hearts at school is blessed in our memory, if but for that happy remembrance. She jilled us, possibly, behaved shamefully, but the scent of the new-mown hay, the summer sunset when we wanted and watched for her, still belong to her. We would have forgotten them but for her. The first love letter surreptitiously writ-From the Irish Times.

An amusing story, demonstrating the power of imagination, comes from an English cathedral town. For many years half a dozen devout old ladies have been in the habit of going in fine weather or in foul to the early morning service in the cold minster. Recently is was decided to warm the church, and the old holder with one voice, protested against the importation.

"We shall be suffocated," they decared. "We shall be carried out fainting." One morn-fortune with hers. A man may be so purely in the fortune with hers. A man may be so purely in the first binsh of manhood gots still a tender glance of respect as she passes by on her husband's area. It is sometimes think, gentlemen," and the seedy man looked carnestly at the ceiling, "We shall be suffocated," they decared. "We shall be carried out fainting." One morn-fortune with hers. A man may be so purely in

fills all his life. Good-night."

Use Horsford's Acid Ph